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A NEW book by Myrtle Reed, author of "Lovers and Old Lace," has made its appearance from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The title is "Master of the Vineyard," and it is a beautifully printed and bound. There is always a large circle of readers waiting for each of her new books as it appears. But the remarkable feature of Miss Reed's popularity is that each one of her new books continues to show increasing sales every year. The more the public has of them, the more it wants. This can be said of no other fiction of the day. Miss Reed's stories are always charming, but her latest book is something more than this. The humor is delightful, and the panorama of life, with its well balanced picturing of lights and shadows, possesses the quality best named fascination.

The October Century will contain the third of Mr. George Kennan's papers on "The Reaction in Russia," a review of events since the "Bloody Sunday" of January, 1905. The last paper will deal with the laws, the courts, and the prisons, setting forth in detail how the people, in spite of certain alleged privileges and rights, "are still living under an all-powerful bureaucratic administration, with methods quite as lawless and despotic as those which made the lives of Russians miserable twenty-five or thirty years ago. In some respects the situation is better than it was in the closing years of the last century, but in other respects it is much worse."

"Whirligigs" is the title of the last of the O. Henry books just published by Doubleday, Page & Co. More American than Poe, more American even than Hawthorne, O. Henry swiftly made his way upward in the hearts of a constantly growing audience till he became the most widely read short story writer of his time. The last collection of his stories are not confined to New York, but are perhaps more representative of his varied genius than any former volume. Some people say that O. Henry looked serious. But one would search for a very long time before finding anywhere a story so full of quiet earnestness, of tender pathos, of noble underlying purpose as "Mind Man's Holiday." In this volume called "Whirligigs," the well known imitatable style, the cutting wit, the whimsicality, the wonderful control over the element of surprise, the keen characterization, and above all the infinite love for and understanding of humanity in all its complex modes and phases, all are here in this new volume—the things that will make O. Henry read in company with de Maupassant and Kipling, long after other names have been forgotten.

"Abraham Lincoln, and Other Addresses" will be the title of a book by the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, to be published by the Century company this fall. The book gathers in permanent form material first given to the English public in various addresses, and includes Mr. Choate's farewell address to England.

"The Refugee," by Captain Charles Gilson, is a recent addition to the books published by the Century company. This is a story of the old fashioned kind, the scenes set near the east coast of England during the French Revolution. The Vicomte des Ormesaux is the chief character, a polished, fascinating refugee and dandy, with no care for anything in the world but himself and his own ends; and to help him carry out his plots he employs as his aids the villains Gipsy Yates and Jerry Abershaw, the kind of adventurers who hold up the stage on the king's highway and scruple not at all to shoot the man who resists. Jerry, at least, is a real historical personage, whose fame has come down as a notable highwayman who terrorized certain counties of England for several years, and finally paid the penalty of his misdeeds. How the Vicomte came to England and there betrayed the hospitality of Newell Hall, even to the carrying off of bonny Cicely Packe by force; how he, too, finally, paid the penalty of his life of violence, how Roland and Cicely were happily wed, the boyhood of the great John Con-

stable, these and many other matters of much interest are told in a tale that thrills to the very end.

"The Betrayal" is the title of a new novel of the South by Walter Neale and Elizabeth Hancock, published by the Neale Publishing company. It is semi-political in its character. In this novel—by many the book may be called "Virginia's biography"—the authors have told the story of a nation. Nor is the book less a novel while the story of a nation—a novel in which a nation is the hero, the heroine and each minor character. Here Virginia is to be found personified—a living, breathing creature. First the authors trace her heroine's ancestry. Then



WALTER NEALE

they show the conditions that surrounded her birth, describe her childhood, her maidenhood, her full maturity, and then they show how she was brought to shame in her prime, debauched by her own sons, who killed their mother for the sake of a rich husband. Then the authors take their readers to Virginia's funeral. Amid the fierce battles of the War of Reconstruction, which followed in the wake of the War of Reconstruction, when a dynasty fell, all the characteristics of Virginia's people were revealed. Of these events the authors have written a "novel of love, politics and intrigue, which deserves to be ranked among the leading examples of imaginative American writing."

"Caleb Koons," by Russell Kalso Carter, is by the author of "Amor Victor" and "What God Hath (Not) Joined." When Dr. Carter wrote these books he used the pseudonym by Orr Kenyon. "Caleb Koons" is a novel which contains a love story in which two men are involved. The mysterious disappearance of one of them raises a big question in the book. Judge Caleb Koons is a figure as prominent as David Harum or Eben Holden in these books. His ready wit and humor, his never failing generosity and kindness of heart, and above all his sound common sense make him an object of intense admiration. He is, moreover, a delightful entertainer, and at the close of the narrative the reader feels as though he had made a sincere friend. It is published by the C. M. Clark Publishing company, Boston, Mass.

It is now many years since H. Rider Haggard became widely known, and gained a name for himself in his own peculiar literary field. Adventure

stories are as much sought for nowadays as in the days of "Monte Cristo" and "Treasure Island," and a new adventure romance by Mr. Haggard of the order of "She" and "Ayesha" and fully up to the high mark set by these inimitable early successes, is a genuine event anticipated with pleasure. In "Queen Sheba's Ring," which bears the fresh imprint of Doubleday, Page & Company, a physician, a soldier, and an Egyptologist, impelled by varying motives set out for a remote section of North Central Africa. One finds a son, long held as a slave, another finds a wife in the beautiful Queen Sheba, while the other finds abundant treasure of gold and relics. The author's unrivaled skill of placing great dramatic surprises in an unusual setting, with a thick veil of mystery wrapped about everything, and a descriptive color the most vivid, has produced in "Queen Sheba's Ring," a content for the commonplace, and a refreshing story of unusual fascination.

Henry Hatton and Adrian Plate, themselves well known magicians, have written a book of "Magicians' Tricks," in which are fully explained for the first time many secrets. "Magicians' Tricks" promises to be a book of quite uncommon interest. It will be issued by The Century Co. in the early fall.

A CHURCH FOR CHILDREN.

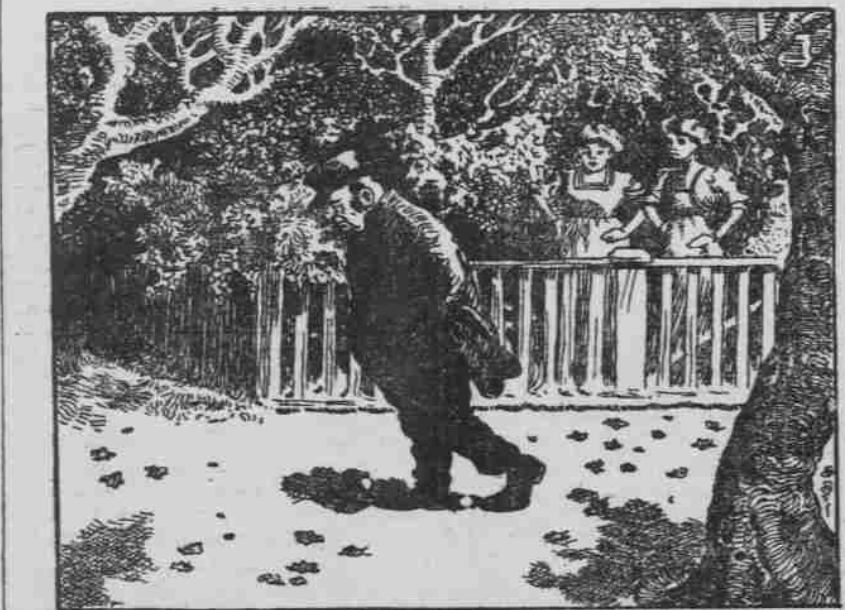
Methodist Young Folk in Columbia, Mo., Have Services of Their Own.

The Columbia (Mo.) Junior Methodist church is not the Sunday school of that denomination. It is a separate and distinct church, made up of the little folks in Columbia whose folks are Methodists. They meet every Sunday morning at the same time that the grownups, their fathers and mothers, are participating in church services upstairs. Their auditorium is the basement of the church, and they have their pastor, their choir and their church duties, just the same as their elders. The congregation is by no means a small one either, as it averages about seventy each Sunday. It is the only juvenile church, so far as known, in the United States. It was organized by the Rev. C. M. Aker, pastor of the Methodist church. It is in charge of his brother, G. C. Aker, a student in the University of Missouri, who is fitting himself for the ministry. Mr. Aker chooses text from the Bible and preaches a sermon to the little ones in simple language.

ANTI-CHURCH CLOSING PLAN.

Rector Asks for Attendance at Services Only Once a Month.

A novel plan has been devised by the Rev. Dr. William McCord, rector of All Saints' Episcopal church, Bayside, N. Y., to avoid closing the church for the summer. In a letter to every communicant the rector says he recognizes "the call of the wild," but he urges that each person attend divine service once a month. He has divided the congregation into groups and has fixed dates for each group to attend church. The pastor says he knows the attractions of yachting, motoring and other summer pastimes, but thinks his flock can attend church in the way he suggests. The plan has met approval and has been put in operation.



BOWSER'S LOST CHANCES.

And of Course It Was All the Fault of Mrs. Bowser.

Mrs. Bowser was in the hall to meet Mr. Bowser as he came home to dinner the other evening, but he scarcely looked at her as he hung up his hat and descended to the dining room. "Has anything gone wrong at the office today, dear?" she asked as she took a seat at the table, and realized that his frown had appeared again. "Certainly!" he briefly and gruffly replied.

"I'm sorry for it. I hope it's nothing serious. You needn't do any hoping. I've gone over things in my mind this afternoon, and the wonder is that I'm not in the poorhouse. You have done your best to send me there. Mrs. Bowser, the climax has come. I must have a very plain talk with you."

"Very well. What do you wish to talk about?"

"We will wait till after supper."



And from that moment until he had finished he refused to say another word. Mrs. Bowser told him of a dog fight and an arrest and an accident, but he heard her with stern set face and uttered no word. It was only when the family room was reached that he turned to her with:

"We will now have the talk referred to. Haven't I always been an industrious man?"

"Why, certainly."

"Haven't I been saving and economical?"

"Yes, reasonably so, yes."

"Why do you say reasonably?"

"Well, you have made some rather foolish bargains."

"Oh, I have? That is just the subject we are to talk about. If they have been foolish it is because you have butted in. I call your attention to the fact that when I wanted to run a dairy farm you opposed it. There was a sure fortune in my grasp, but I was foolish enough to listen to you and turn it down. I simply threw away tens of thousands of dollars."

"I only asked you where the money was coming from to buy 2,000 pigs and keep them until they had become hogs."

"And where is there more money than in chicken farming? I had the chance of a lifetime, but you butted in again. Had I ignored you I should have been a millionaire today."

"Yes, a man who had lost everything at the game but a hundred old hens wanted to give you a great bargain. It was easy enough to figure out that every egg would cost us 10 cents. You made the figures yourself and called the man a scoundrel."

"Mrs. Bowser, I don't like your tone. Please remember you are talking to your husband. I had the best chance in the world to become an aviator. In fact, I made one flight. But for you I would now be skimming the clouds, and reporters by the dozen would be interviewing me on the next war. Read how the aviators who never saw a company of soldiers on the march are airing their opinions on war, and the part the flying machine is to play in it."

"Yes, you went up twenty feet and

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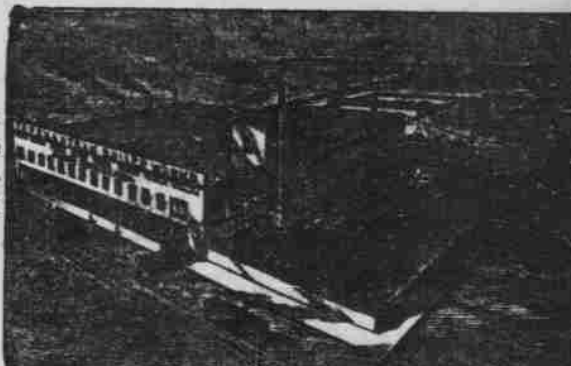
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ROOSEVELT LAUDS MISSIONS.

Pleads for United Efforts in Letter to World Missionary Conference.

Enthusiasm was aroused at one of the sessions of the world missionary conference held in Edinburgh by the reading of a letter from Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, in which he expressed his sympathy with the world mission movement. The letter, which was addressed to Silas H. Beebe, an American delegate, was in part as follows: "Your conference represents the practical efforts to apply the teachings of the gospel to what the apostle of Jude calls 'the common salvation.' An infinite amount of work remains to be done before we can regard ourselves as being even within measurable distance of the desired goal, an infinite amount in the dark places which too often closely surround the brightest centers of light and an infinite amount abroad in those dark places of the earth where darkness is as yet unrelieved by any light. When such is the high purpose to which you have dedicated yourselves it is eminently fitting that your invitation should have gone to all Christian churches in all lands. I am sure that there will be a general and, I hope, a universal response. In missionary work, above all other kinds of Christian work, it is imperative to remember that a divided Christendom can only imperfectly bear witness to the essential unity of Christianity. I believe that without compromise of belief, without loss of the positive good contained in the recognition of diversities of gifts and differences of administration, the Christian churches may yet find a way to cordial co-operation and friendship as regards the great underlying essentials upon which as a foundation all Christian churches are built."

land, where nearly 1,000 veterans of the sea are spending their last years on an estate of 2,500 acres. A chaplain devotes his entire time to the work, holding two services each day, giving three hours to visitation and conducting a most daily funeral. The institution, provided by a sea captain, is managed by a board of trustees consisting of the rector of Trinity church, a Presbyterian minister, the president of the chamber of commerce and the mayor of New York.

Parish for Veteran Sailors. An interesting parish is that found at Sailor's Snug Harbor, Staten Island. Everybody reads the State Journal.